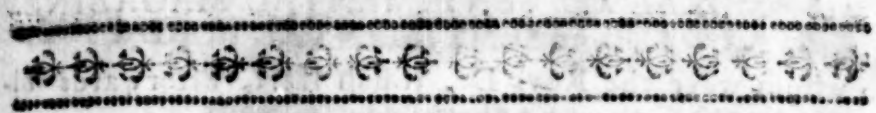


NE,



AMERICAN

MORAL & SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1, 1798.

An Extract of the Life of Dr. Watts.

Dr. Isaac Watts was born at Southampton July 17, 1673, where his father of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen with great reputation. The Doctor was the eldest son of a numerous family, and was early noticed for his sprightliness and readiness of parts. And though too often these prove fatal to many young persons; yet he was not only preserved from criminal follies; but had also a deep sense of religion at a very early period of life.

At four years of age, he began to learn latin, in which, as well as Greek, he made such proficiency under the Rev. Mr. Pincherne, a clergyman of the established church, that a subscription was proposed for sending him to one of the Universities; but this he declined, intending to continue amongst the dissenters. Therefore, in 1690, he came up to London for academical education; where his conduct was so exemplary, that his tutor would often propose him as a pattern worthy of imitation, to his fellow-students; among

whom were the Rev. Dr. Josiah Hart, afterwards Bishop of Tuam, and Mr. Hughes the poet.

His academical exercises, which are still preserved, are a sufficient proof of his genius, application, and proficiency. He accustomed himself to abridge some of the most eminent writers, and by interleaving them, to supply from others what was defective in each of them: a practice which he afterwards strongly recommended to other young persons, from the advantages which he himself had derived from it. By this method he became master of the subject, and more readily impressed it on his memory.

At twenty, he finished his academical course, and retired for two years to his father's at Southampton, where he had an opportunity of confirming and enlarging the knowledge he had already acquired, by a regular course of reading, meditation, and prayer; and had every encouragement so to do, from the kindness of his father, that can possibly be conceived.

From hence, he was invited to Sir John Hartopp's family, at Stoke-Newington, near London, to undertake the tuition of his son; where he continued five years. Here he enjoyed the intimacy and friendship of a gentleman of great abilities and considerable piety, an advantage which he well knew how to value and improve. Here he had also an opportunity of conversing frequently, with persons of eminent merit, and of taking a large survey of the views, prejudices, and characters of mankind, from the various company which from time to time resorted to Sir John Hartopp's family.

But while he was engaged in superintending the studies of this young gentleman, he did not neglect his own: applying himself at intervals, particularly to the study

Study of the scriptures in the original languages, consulting the best commentators both critical, and practical.

He began to preach on his birth-day at twenty-four years of age, in 1698; and was chosen the same year assistant to Dr. Chauncey, pastor of the dissenting church in Mark Lane, London. But his public services were soon interrupted by a threatening illness of long continuance, supposed to have been occasioned by the fervor and zeal, with which he first began to preach.

He was ordained in 1702, and succeeded Dr. Chauncey in the pastoral office. Though his frequent indispositions made it necessary for the Church, to supply him with a stated assistant; yet he went on in the discharge of his duty, without any considerable interruption till the year 1712, renewing his diligence, as soon as ever his health returned; and his people were delighted and edified with his public ministrations, and his personal application to them in private. But in September he was seized with a violent fever, which so undermined his constitution, that he never recovered it to the day of his death. It was not till October 1716, an interval of four years, that he was able to return to his public duty.

But this long interval of sickness, which naturally excited the compassion of his friends, was the happy occasion of his being received into Sir Thomas Abney's family, where he resided, honoured and beloved, no less than six and thirty years; and though Sir Thomas died in 1722, yet his generous friendship still survived in Lady Abney, and her daughters.

In this family he enjoyed all that could contribute to his ease, satisfaction or health, to the end of his days,

days, accompanied with every demonstration of the sincerest regard. The family in which he resided was eminent for its piety, order and harmony; every thing tended, theretort, to promote the happiness of life, and to encourage him in the unwearied pursuit of his studies. He had at once, the purest air, the most agreeable and advantageous solitude, and the most select society: so that Providence seemed kindly resolved that nothing should be wanting. Had it not been for this, he might possibly have languished on through many painful years of sorrow and incapacity for public service, and at last sunk obscurely in the grave under the painful load of his infirmities. But let it ever be remembered, where the name of Dr. Watts is considered as a blessing to mankind, that, under Providence, it was owing to Sir Thomas Abney and his lady.

His afflictions, however, did not cease on his admission to this family; they were frequent and grievous, but he bore them with resignation and patience. No doubt, they tended greatly to promote his usefulness, and to render his labours more profitable to mankind.

The number and variety of his publications are a sufficient proof of his great diligence: which is the more surprising, when we consider how much he was interrupted by frequent attacks of sickness and pain. And it may perhaps be questioned, whether any writer, before his time, ever appeared with reputation, on such a variety of subjects, both in prose and verse, as he has done.

He had such a natural turn for poetry, that even when a child, he could scarcely speak without rhyme; and often when he strove to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this, and threatened to whip him, if he did not leave it off; and one day when he

he was about to put his threats in execution, the child began to cry, and falling on his knees, said

"Pray father, do some pity take,
"And I will no more veries make."

Sir Edmund King said once to him in the early part of his life: "I hear that you make veries: let me advise you never to do it, but when you cannot help it."

In 1728, the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in consideration of the eminent services that he had rendered to religion and science; conferred upon him, in the most honourable manner, (but without his knowledge) the degree of doctor of divinity. It would greatly increase the value of these honours, if they were always conferred with equal judgment, and only made the reward of personal merit.

But what chiefly deserves our attention, are the graces and virtues, with which the life of this venerable man was adorned: it will therefore be profitable to give some account of what was most remarkable in his character, as a Christian and a minister.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THOUGHTS ON PLEASURE, by Dr. YOUNG.

[Continued from page 408.]

BUT those deep draughts of pleasure which besot us, must answer for all absurdities; and among the rest, for our entire ignorance of the nature of that world in which we live. Mirth at a funeral is scarce more indecent and unnatural, than a perpetual flight of gaiety, and burst of exultation in a world like this: a world,

world, which may seem a paradise to fools, but is an hospital with the wise: a world, in which bare escape is a prime felicity. Effugere est triumphus.

The numberless pains of body and mind; the dark solemn approaches to, or dismal vestibules of the grave, as well as opening graves themselves, are so thick scattered over the face of the whole earth, that an unpetrified heart cannot look round, without feeling an inevitable damp, and general disconsolation: and venting a sigh universal for the whole family of Adam, for the lot of all mankind. Nothing but strong faith in eternal life could hinder tears from bursting over it: nor are tears too much; for sympathy is the chief duty of human life.

Were one tenth part of the wretchedness seen, that is felt, it would strike us with horror. Heaven means to make one half of the species a moral lecture to the other. It surrounds us with deplorable objects, not more for the sake of the wretched, than for our own; that our compassion awakened, may awaken our prudence; and teach us what we have to do, by shewing us what we have to fear. Shall the rich, and the well-educated, throw their abundance down the sink of unprofitable and untasted delights, while untaught multitudes mistake, and sin; and indigent multitudes shiver, and starve? While we think we are sparing expences, we are running in debt. How deep are we in arrears to the distressed? The distressed have, from reason, as just a demand on our superfluities, as we have from law, on our stewards for our estates. But this is no play debt, and therefore, without dishonor, undischarged.

Is then my repeated censure of intellectual darkness too severe? I wish it were. But alas! how distant from their thoughts are the points the most important? How

How foreign to their interest, all that is nearest their heart? When I speak of their darkness, I do not forget my own. There is not that man on earth that does not well deserve censure, and even from them. But there is difference in deviation from the right. Mulattoes are not Ethiopians. I grant in their excuse, that, though all can see folly in pleasures past, yet must he be wiser than Solomon, in this respect, must we be, or continue mere idiots; and idiots with regard to the present life; for this life's enjoyment lies, chiefly, in our title to the joys of the next; as earth becomes fruitful from the kind influence of the distant sun.

And now what occasion of advancing any thing more to the condemnation of the sons of Epicurus, and in disfavor of pleasure, than this, viz. That by darkening our understandings, it robs us of this world; and by stupifying our consciences, of the next. So far are they from their boasted happiness, that even in the judgment of a heathen (not to mention the Scripture, of much less authority with them), they are dead while yet alive.

The followers of Epicurus tread their master's steps. He, out of a swarm of dancing atoms was for making a world: They, out of a giddy whirl of innumerable amusements, those minute particles of pleasure, are for forming happiness: A system equally philosophical; and of equal success. A God alone can make one; the god-like only can achieve the other: And where are they to be found in his hopeful school?

The one thing necessary for happiness is in common to both worlds; this and the next. In vain we seek a different receipt for it, one in time, another in eternity. Virtue wanting, every thing else becomes necessary to happiness, and ineffectual. To what amounts, then,
the

the boast of their numberless felicities? It brings, in proof of their happiness, a demonstration of their misery. A good man shall be satisfied from himself alone. A bad man shall be dissatisfied, with all the world at his devotion.

But there is a third particular, in which, if they had followed their master, it would have been more for their advantage and credit: an indulgent Providence has abundantly provided us with irreproachable pleasures; why are these swept away with an ungrateful hand, to make room for poisons of our own deadly composition, to be placed in their stead? Epicurus was in love with his gardens. But that is an amour too innocent for them: A garden has ever had the praise and affection of the wise. What is requisite to make a wife and happy man but reflection and peace? and both are the natural growth of a garden. Nor is a garden only a promoter of a good man's happiness, but a picture of it; and, in some sort, shews him to himself. Its culture, order, fruitfulness, and seclusion from the world, compared to the weeds, wildness, and exposure of a common field, is no bad emblem of a good man, compared to the multitude. A garden weeds the mind; it weeds it of worldly thoughts; and sows celestial seed in their stead. For what see we there, but what awakens in us our gratitude to heaven? A garden to the virtuous is a paradise still extant; a paradise unlost. What a rich present from heaven of sweet intense to man, was wasted in that breeze? What a delightful entertainment of sight glows on yonder bed, as if in kindly showers the watry bow had shed all its most celestial colours on it? Here are no objects that fire the passions: none that do not instruct the understanding, and better the heart, while they delight the sense; but not the sense of these men. To them the tulip has no colours; the rose no scent: Their palate for pleasure is so deadened, and burnt out,

out, by the violent stroke of higher tastes, as leaves no sensibility for the softer impressions of these; much less for the relish of those philosophic, or moral sentiments, which the verdant walk, clear stream, embowering shade, pendant fruit, or rising flower, those speechless, not powerless orators, ever praising their great Author, inspire: Much less still for their religious inspirations. Who cannot look on a flower till he frightens himself out of infidelity? Religion is the natural growth of the works of God; and infidelity, of the inventions of men.

Spiritually blind, deaf, and stupid, they see not the great Omnipresent walking in the garden; they hear not his call; they know not that they are naked; they hide not among the trees; but stand in open defiance of his laws. Religion is far from them.

And where can we hope religion, if not in age? And are there Heebnas to be found among the bright Helens of our times? Is diversion grown a leveller, like death? Can assemblies banish distinction, and shew us all dates, like church-yards? The latter, for their years, is the more proper scene. Give me leave, Sir, to address them; and address them in haste: They may die by to-morrow. To-night they are shining at the assembly. Thither, for a moment, imagination transports me to attend them.

"So various Ladies! and cogent, are the reasons
 "which might call you to this place, that I am at a
 "loss which to thank for the honor it receives. Come
 "to admire, or to be admired? Your modesty
 "declines the last. Come you out of kindness, then;
 "to authorise those amusements you chuse not to
 "adorn? Or come you out of compassion, to make
 "these young criminals appear more innocent, than
 "they

" they could appear uncompar'd with superior indif-
 " cretion? Or come you, out of piety, to return
 " thanks to this religious house, for your so narrowly
 " escaping the grave? Or come you, out of pure ge-
 " nerosity, to heighten the mirth of the night? Your
 " point is carried. What borrowed ornaments are
 " these? Is vanity still in its spring? Is the folly of
 " hairless heads putting forth its gay blossoms in the
 " December of life? Age cannot drop its dignity,
 " and yet retain its privileges. It must be laughed at,
 " if it will not be revered; and objects of reverence
 " cannot enter at these doors. We reverence age, as
 " we reverence noble birth; on supposition, both: if
 " our supposition proves false, our homage dies.

" A little entertainment, you say, is natural. What
 " a portentous jumble of seasons, what a violation of
 " nature is this; winter dancing with the spring?
 " Where are the first partakers of your pastimes, when
 " pastimes became you? Their very monuments are in
 " ruins, What real connexion of heart, or interests,
 " can you have with any now alive? And without such
 " connexion, how insipid your commerce with them?
 " Sure you cannot approve Mezentius's connexion of
 " living with the dead.

" Hang your hours, though probably, so few, so
 " very heavy on your hands, that you had rather bear
 " contempt than them? Is it drowned by the sprightly
 " viol, or hear you yon solemn bell? Wants that the
 " power to call you to your closets, which calls your
 " grand-children to their graves? Is it thus you dis-
 " charge the duties of age to the rising generation?
 " Whatever seeds of prudence you would sow in their
 " hearts, before they can take root, these vanities blow
 " away; especially, if you like the Ladies of Lapland,
 " heighten the hurricane yourselves.

" Have

"Have you never heard, my good ladies, of the re-
 demption of time? You carry yours to market, and
 sell it for nothing; nay, you dearly buy it off your
 hands. Can nothing but such trifles, such murder
 of time, make you think that you are alive? Can
 nothing but the stroke of death convince you, you
 shall die? To their beauty alone, too much amuse-
 ment is forgiven, even in the young. What then,
 have you to plead? That which is fairer than beau-
 ty, if you will call it to your aid: virtue can recon-
 cile our respect to wrinkles. It can render age
 amiable, when bloom smiles in vain. But vice, and
 deformity, when twisted together, are such a Gor-
 gon, as turns the tenderest heart into stone.

"Pardon, Ladies! that I presume to call that vice,
 which you will soften by some milder name. What
 is innocence in youth, may be vice in years. Be-
 sides, mark the mischief of what you call harmless
 expedients to smooth the rugged path of life. You
 spread that path with snares, to the ruin of those you
 love. You make parental authority, that natural
 safeguard of youth, their temptation to folly; and
 filial obedience, so lovely, so pious, the strange cause
 of their crimes. Through such mazes of more than
 folly, when parents lead the way; children, out of
 pure duty, may tread their wrong steps. Or, if
 they have more discernment, or more grace, what
 follows? What you yourselves will be shocked to
 hear, and I to tell: A daughter blushing for her who
 bore her. Which, to my knowledge, and astonish-
 ment, has been the too memorable, and too deplora-
 ble, case."

Here I would fain leave off, and throw a mantle
 over the nakedness of our own sex; but that would
 be too great partiality. It is too sure also Adam fell.

As I have spoken to his daughters, I must speak, Sir, by your permission, now to his aged sons. I can speak with more freedom to these: I was forced to spare his daughters, out of decency.

[To be continued.]

[The following curious Account, which has been so greatly admired, is grounded on truth, and cannot be doubted; as most of the eye-witnesses are yet alive, and willing to satisfy any enquirer.]

An Extract from an Account of the Pelew Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. By Captain Henry Wilson,

THE Antelope, a packet of near 300 tons burthen, in the service of the honourable English East India Company, under the command of Captain Henry Wilson, having arrived at Macao in June 1783, the captain received orders from the Company's super-cargoes to refit his ship with all possible speed; which being compleated, on Sunday the 20th of July, he took leave of the council, and went on board. In the evening of August the 5th, they saw numbers of birds and fish, likewise some drifts of pieces of wood or bamboo, they therefore altered their course more to the southward, and went under an easy sail, keeping a good look out, until morning, when it being very tempestuous they brought to.

The weather continued to blow a storm till about mid-day of the 7th, during which time they could shew but very little sail, being obliged to lay to under the storm stay-sails; the storm then abating, and the weather clearing up, they got an observation for the latitude,

tude, by which they found themselves in 10. 16. north. The wind was southerly, with fresh gales, but dry, so that they were able the following morning to clean between decks, and also to fumigate the ship with gunpowder. The cattle had all perished in the last storm, except one bullock; the she-goat also, having kidded in this bad weather, died together with her young. In the afternoon the weather became more moderate, so that they were able to make sail and proceed on their voyage; and the next day the weather was so fine, they were enabled to open their ports to air and dry the ship below, as also again to examine their provision and stores, and get every thing into order. They were now proceeding chearfully on their voyage, fondly flattering themselves that the adverse weather, and the anxieties it had awakened, were all at an end, when they were suddenly overwhelmed with those misfortunes which are related in the following narrative.

The wind having freshened after midnight, the sky became overcast, with much lightning, thunder, and rain. Mr. Benger, the chief mate, having the watch upon deck, had lowered the top-sails, and was going to reef them, judging from the thunder that the weather would break and clear up, and only prove a slight squall. The people being upon the yards reefing the sails, the man who was on the look-out, called "breakers!" but so short was the notice, that the call of breakers had scarce reached the officer upon deck, before the ship struck. The dismay this threw every body into was dreadful; the Captain, and all those who were below in their beds, sprang upon deck in an instant, to know the cause of this sudden shock. A moment convinced them of their distressed situation; the breakers along-side, through which the rocks made their appearance, presented the most dreadful scene.

The

The ship taking a heel, in less than an hour filled with water as high as the lower deck hatchways; during this tremendous interval, the people thronged round the Captain, beseeching him to give orders, and they would immediately execute them. Orders were instantly given to secure the gunpowder, ammunition and small arms, and that the bread, and such other provision as would spoil by wet, should be brought upon deck and secured by some covering from the rain; while others were directed to cut away the mizen-mast, the main and fore-top-mast, and lower-yards, to ease the ship and prevent her oversetting, of which they thought there was some hazard. The boats were hoisted out, and filled with provision and water, together with a compass in each, some small arms and ammunition; and two men were placed in each boat, with directions to keep them under the lee of the ship, and be careful they were not staved, and to be ready to receive their ship-mates, in case the vessel should break to pieces, it then blowing a storm.

Every thing that could be thought expedient on so distressful an occasion was executed with the greatest readiness. The people all now assembled aft, the quarter-deck laying highest out of the water, and the quarter-boards affording some little shelter from the sea and rains. Here, after contemplating a few moments their wretched situation, the Captain endeavoured to revive their drooping spirits, by reminding them that when these misfortunes happened, they were often rendered more dreadful by the disagreement of the crew; to avoid which, it was strongly recommended to every individual not to drink any spirituous liquor. A ready consent was given to this advice; but they being all wet, and fatigued with excessive labour, it was thought advisable to take some refreshment, and therefore a glass of wine and some biscuit was given to each person.

son. After eating, a second glass of wine was given them, and they now waited with anxiety the return of the day, in hope of seeing land, for as yet they had not discovered any. The third mate and one of the quarter-masters only, in the momentary interval of a dreadful flash of lightning, imagined they had seen the appearance of land ahead of the ship.

During these moments, they endeavoured to cheer one another, and each was advised to clothe and prepare himself to quit the ship, when necessity should make that step inevitable. And herein the utmost good order was observed, not a man offering to take any thing but what belonged to him, nor did any one of them either ask for, or attempt to take a dram, or complain of the negligence of the watch, or any particular person. The dawn of day discovered to their view a small island to the southward, about three or four leagues distant, and soon after some other islands were seen to the eastward. They now felt apprehensive on account of the inhabitants, to whose dispositions they were strangers; however, after manning the boats, and loading them in the best manner they could for the general good, such of the crew as departed from the ship under the care of Mr. Benger, were earnestly requested to endeavour to obtain a friendly intercourse with the inhabitants, if they found any, and carefully to avoid any disagreement, as the fate of all might depend upon the first interview.

As soon as the boats were gone, those who remained went immediately to work to get the booms overboard, in order to make a raft to secure themselves, as the Antelope was hourly expected to go to pieces, and the utmost disquietude was entertained for the safety of the boats, not only on account of the natives, but also of the weather, it continuing to blow very hard.

hard. In the afternoon they perceived with inexpressible joy the boats coming off; a sight the more welcome, as they were fearful from their long stay, they had met with some disaster, either from the inhabitants or the storm; they were, however, happily relieved from this anxiety by their getting safe to the ship about four o'clock, having left the stores and five men on shore. They brought the welcome news that there was no appearance of inhabitants on the island where they had landed; that they had found a secure harbour, well sheltered from the weather, and also some fresh water. Every one now pursued his labour with renovated spirits to complete the raft, which was in great forwardness when the boats returned. This being completed, they took a second refreshment of bread and wine, each individual having strictly conformed to the promise made to Captain Wilson, not to drink any strong liquor. Soon after day-break the mizen-mast being found near the ship's stern, and some of the rigging entangled in the mizen-chains, Godfrey Minks went to cut it adrift; in doing this he unfortunately slipped and fell overboard, and although the boats, which were not then gone, went instantly to his assistance, he was unfortunately drowned, owing, as was supposed, to having encumbered himself with too many clothes, when he prepared himself to quit the ship.

[*To be continued.*]

SELECT SENTENCES ON INFIDELITY.

IT was a saying among the antients, that even Jupiter could not please all. But we find now, that the true God himself is not free from the imputation of his audacious creatures, who impiously presume to quarrel

rel with his revelations as well as his providence, and express no more reverence to what he hath dictated, than to what he doth.

We are fallen into an age of vain philosophy, as the apostle calls it, and so desperately over-run with droll's and sceptics, that there is hardly any thing so certain and so sacred, that is not exposed to question or contempt.

God hath expressly declared, that death shall open a passage to a blessed eternity; and yet some have doubts and diffidence about it. What is this, but to be a stranger to the divine attributes, and distrust the promises of our Saviour; to fail in the main requisites of a Christian, and turn Infidel in a society of believers?

Our present sticklers for Atheism, consist chiefly of such who never troubled themselves so much as to understand the first principles of religion. Their study hath been employed another way, viz. in courtly forms of speech, and punctilios of action; in fashionable garbs and artificial luxuries. But as for the severer and more useful studies, they bequeath them to the dull men of sense and reason.

I can hardly think that man to be in his right mind, says Cicero, who is destitute of religion.

An Atheist is the most vain pretender to reason in the world. The whole strength of Atheism consists in contradicting the universal reason of mankind. They have no principles, nor can have any; and therefore they can never reason, but only confidently deny and affirm.

Practical Atheism has always been the grand support of speculative; and deservedly esteemed no less dangerous in its tendency and effects.

Nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of Free-thinkers; who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all.

They lie, says Seneca, who say they believe there is no God. Though they may profess this somewhat confidently in the day-time, when they are in company; yet in the night, and alone, they have doubtful thoughts about it.

God never wrought a miracle to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it.

Nothing is so important to any man, as his own state and condition; nothing so amazing as eternity. If therefore we find persons indifferent to the loss of their being, and to the danger of endless misery, it is impossible that this temper should be natural.

If men understand not the evidence of religion, the more shame it is for them: but then immediately to leap out of ignorance into Atheism, is the first to play the fool, and then run stark mad upon it.

It is a certain maxim, That such persons as take themselves out of God's protection, are always at a loss, and know not how to dispose of themselves.

For men to resolve to be of no religion till all are agreed in one, is just as wise and as rational, as if they should determine not to go to dinner till all the clocks in town strike twelve together.

Cicero

Cicero hath observed, That no kind of men are more afraid of God, than such as pretend not to believe his being. These are the men who above all others are most liable to be affected with dread and trembling, more especially in the time of sickness, and the approaches of death.

There is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheist in his retirement.

While we are in this life, our best and securest condition is exposed to a world of sad and uncomfortable accidents, which we have neither the wisdom to foresee, nor the power to prevent; and where shall we find relief, if there be no God?

Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad.

We have a thing called reason within us, which is very ingenious in giving stings to our miseries, and vexing us with cutting reflections of them; but is not able to qualify one grief, or minister the least of any solid comfort to us.

No man living can find where the depth of reason lies, in denying every thing, and proving nothing; in questioning the truth of first principles, and bidding defiance to the common sense of all mankind.

As the irresolute man can never perform any action well; so he that is not resolved in religion, can be resolved in nothing else.

Whoever believes himself free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himself as bound by any human laws.

To

Cicero

To make up a confirmed Atheist, there must be a continued series of the most resolute opposition to all sound reason, conscience, consideration, and all degrees of moral virtue, with whatsoever else illustrates the true dignity of our nature.

The impossibility of proving there is no God, is a demonstration that there is one.

Though hell is generally acknowledged both as the fountain and receptacle of all wickedness; yet so great a monster as speculative Atheism never was nor will be found there.

If knowledge without religion were highly valuable, nothing would be more so than the devil.

There is an axiom evident by the very light of nature, That God will reward every man according to his works in this life. That there are future rewards and punishments, is a doctrine universally assented to by all nations and religions; and there is not any first principle in philosophy, in which mankind are more generally agreed.

Scepticism, and a resolute doubting, after sufficient evidence, is a greater enemy to philosophy, and true knowledge, than incredulity itself; the latter of which may croud in some falsehoods, but the former will never suffer us to acknowledge any truth.

Licentiousness in opinion always makes way for licentiousness in practice.

When a man jests upon religion, or declares it is indifferent what religion we are of, it is most certain that himself is of no religion at all.

My

My Lord Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said, That a little smattering in philosophy would lead a man to Atheism; but a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principle of right reason is religion: And seriously professed, that after all his studies and inquiries, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those religion taught, as it is professed among the Christians.

There are few things reason can discover with so much certainty and ease, as its own insufficiency. Those who are ignorant of this imperfection, are the greatest proofs of it.

We have heard of some particular men that have been reputed Atheists; but never of any country, or society of men, that professed Atheism. The world in general was ever so far from believing no God, that they were prone to believe many gods; and from the infancy of it, that opinion grew, and increased with it.

The Egyptians of old, though of all others the most infamous for their multiplying of gods, yet did assert one maker and chief governor of the world; under whom they did suppose several subordinate deities, who, as his deputies, did preside over several parts of the universe.

The consent of all men, says Seneca, is of very great weight with us. A mark that a thing is true, is when it appears so to all the world. Thus we conclude there is a Divinity, because all men believe it; there being no nations, how corrupt soever they be, which deny it.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The

The most extraordinary Case of EUGENE ARAM, who was executed in Yorkshire, for Murder; together with the ingenious defence he made on his Trial.

[Continued from page 395.]

"**F**IRST, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of this indictment; Yet had I never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud; projected no violence; injured no man's person or private property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent, or unseasonable; but, at least, deserving some attention, because, my lord; that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

"Again; my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to my health; for but a little space before I had been confined to my bed, and
suffered

suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could then a person in this condition take any thing into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such an act; without motive, without means.

"Besides, it must needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of but, when its springs are laid open, it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real, or some imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

"In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of this sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require instances: yet superseding many, permit me to procure a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

"In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day-light, and double-ironed made his escape; and notwithstanding an immediate enquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and

all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If then Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? but what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any person seen last with Thompson.

“ Permit me, next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible indeed it may; but is there any certain criterion, which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point, ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

“ The place of their depositum too claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it: for, of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bodies than a hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarce, or never been heard of, but that every cell now known contains or contained these relicts of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

“ All the while, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship, and many in this court, better than to me. But it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be

be made acquainted with it. Suffer me then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest, to some that accident might seem extraordinary, and consequently occasion prejudice.

1. "The bones as was supposed, of the Saxon St. Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's cliff near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

2. The bones thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

3. "But my own country, nay, almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance, for in January, 1747, were found by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones, in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

4. "In Feb. 1744, part of Woodburn-abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain this had lain above 200 years, and how much longer is doubtful; for this abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 9.

"What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

"Farther my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knareborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriot baronet who does that borough the honor to represent

it in parchment, were found, in digging for gravel; not one human skeleton, only, but five or six deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

"At the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

"Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? whereas in fact there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields in hills, in high-way sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed is but of some centuries.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Singular Adventure of Count General SAXE.

[Concluded from page 390.]

AS soon as the Count was in this subterraneous place, he saw himself enclosed by a company of spirits in human shape. Whom his fall had drawn round him. He judged by their looks that they breathed, and was much surprized at his unexpected visit, as he was too, to find himself so surrounded.—They did not give him time to recollect himself, or to gaze upon them: they blindfolded and disarmed him, and led him to a neighbouring cavern, where they shut him up.

The Count having his wits about him, and in spite of his trouble, he immediately conceived that they were
chymists

chymists, in full search of the Philosopher's Stone, or perhaps clippers and coiners; or, it may be both, however, he could never make the discovery: but the precautions they took to conceal their employment from him, their situation so near the frontiers, whence they might easily quit the realm at the least alarm, and frightful noise they made every night in the castle, to drive away the curious and impertinent, persuaded him they pursued some dangerous employ. This consideration taught the Count all the horrible danger which he had thrown himself into; and soon he was on the brink of that danger. From this place of confinement he plainly heard them consulting what to do with him: all voted his death; but one; who with more humanity, was for sending him back, after a discovery of his quality. Though the Count thought his death inevitable, yet he begged to speak to them before they took their last resolution. They led him out of his dungeon into the midst of their assembly, and permitted him to speak.

“ I understand gentlemen, (said he to them,) how much reason you have to get rid of me. My indiscretion deserves death, and I accept it; but give me leave to represent to you, that your ruin must infallibly follow it. I think myself obliged to declare my name and quality. I am the Count of Beaumont, brigadier-general of his Majesty's forces: I was going from the army to my own estate. The bad weather kept me in this village, where I have all my equipage; my valet, who lay at my bed's foot, must have made his escape, and apprised my people of my adventure; and be assured, that if they don't find me, they will pull down the castle, but that they will find out what is become of me. Consider it gentlemen: I don't want to threaten you; but how necessary soever my death may appear to your security, I think myself obliged to assure

sure you that it will certainly ruin you: If you doubt my quality, the letters in my pocket, with orders from his Majesty, will confirm my testimony." The Count produced his letters; and while these Cyclops examined them, he added, "Sirs, I am a gentleman and can keep a secret, without desiring to dive into your's; and I swear, by my faith and honor I will not betray you."—This speech, which he made with that dignity which never abandons great men in distress, astonished them all. They sent him back to his cave to renew their deliberations.

They now gave into softer councils, though some still persisted in advising his death, but those in less number, and with less vehemence than before. The debates which the Count heard distinctly, would have alarmed a heart less great than his; for besides the idea of death, which was always present, every one formed a different punishment, and made him feel all the horrors of it. Even death itself, in my opinion, is preferable to this cruel vicissitude of hope and despair. The Count, however, calmly waited for his sentence. The votes were unanimous in his favor: they brought him out again. One of the subterranean crew pronounced him at liberty, on condition, he swore an inviolable secrecy, and would leave the village and his servants in the notion of spirits which they already entertained; and that when he was out of the province he would not mention the adventure. After these oaths, they gave him his arms and letters, except one, which they kept. They made him drink some glasses of wine: the whole company drank to his health, and, after having made him sensible what a risque they ran in sparing his life, they opened the trap door, and two guides led him towards the apartment. As soon as he was upon the stair-case, the guides took off his bandage, and returned to their cavern.

The

The Count however returned to his chamber, amazed at his adventure; but had like to have met with a more terrible one from his valet. The poor fellow, now sober by his fears, was in despair when he missed the Count. He concluded that the spirits had strangled him, according to the stories of the night before. — Full of grief for his dear master, he even mistook him when he entered, and, taking him for the spectre let fly his pistol at him. By a providential stroke the pistol missed, and the Count made himself known. The poor servant was ready to die with shame and horror at the misfortune he had escaped; and implored his master's forgiveness. The Count, without staying to hear him, bid him follow him; for he thought quitting the castle a better security than the mutual oaths in the cavern, since it was possible they might recant their's. They went together, and waited for day-light in the avenue leading to the village; and the Count told his man, that having followed the spectre with his hand, after several rounds it buried itself in a kind of well, which he was almost decoyed into, and that he had much ado to find his room again. When it was day he went to the Curate and told him the same story, which soon spread itself through the village; and having sent for his bed and cloaths, he continued his journey.

Several years passed before the Count mentioned his adventure; and he had never divulged it; without the express permission which he has since received. — One day, when he was at his country seat, they told him a man wanted to communicate to him an important affair, and that he could not stay nor come into the castle. The Count, surprized at the message, sent for the messenger, and ordered his people to enquire whence he came. The messenger again answered, that he would not come in, nor wait, nor name his master.

masters; and notwithstanding all their persuasions, he persisted in staying upon the draw-bridge.

The Count, who was at dinner, communicated this extraordinary message to the gentlemen at table with him, and asked their advice. Some found reason to distrust where there was so much mystery, and were for securing the messenger; but the majority advised the Count to go and speak with him, for fear of losing some advice of consequence to his safety, and offered to accompany him. The council prevailed: the Count rose from the table, and, with all the gentlemen, went to the bridge where the messenger waited. When the messenger saw him, he cried out fear nothing, Sir; and, to prove I have no ill design, I discharge my arms. Immediately he shot off his pistols towards the fields. Then the Count approaching, the messenger, without dismounting, put into his hands two noble Spanish horses which he led; and delivering a packet, said to him, this, Sir, will inform you further; I have finished my commission, and my orders oblige me to depart. At the end of this speech he spurred his horse, and went off full gallop; nor could they ever find out where he retired to.

The Count wondered at this commission, and was impatient to know the contents of the packet, which having opened he read aloud; it was to this effect:

“We thank you, Sir, for having hitherto preserved a secret in our favour, and we have sent these two horses as instances of our gratitude. We have sent too an important letter, which you left such a day and such a year, at the castle of ——. It may put you in mind of a strange adventure which happened you there. We have happily concluded our affair, and returned to our own homes. We disengage you from your
oath

oaths and your secrets: we shall tell your adventure ourselves, and give you permission to publish it. Adieu, generous Count.—This comes from the six gentlemen who put you into such a fright in the cellars of the castle of——.”

After reading this letter, the Count yet doubted whether he ought to divulge the secret; but, at the request of the gentlemen then with him, he told them his singular adventure, and took a pleasure in repeating it on all occasions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ODE TO PEACE.

THE trumpet's hostile sound now dies away,
And Peace once more returns to bless the day;
Smiling on blest Columbia's shores benign,
Her gentle rays with soft impression shine,
Dries up the fields once wet with hostile blood,
And stops the course of war's tempestuous flood.
O Peace! blest emblem of true heav'nly love,
Send down more bright thy influence from above,
Heal up the wounds thy bleeding land has borne,
And leave her Sons no more in vain to mourn.

ON THE CONVERSION OF GALEN.

FORBEAR, vain man! to launch with reason's eye,
Through the vast depths of dark immensity:
Nor think thy narrow, but presumptuous mind
The least idea of thy God can find:
Thought crowding thought distracts thy lab'ring brain;
For, how can finite infinite explain!
Then God adore, and conscious rest in this,
None, but himself, can paint him as he is.

343 MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL MAGAZINE,
ON THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

[By a young Lady, when she arrived at the age of fifteen.]

HOW swift flies time on silken wings,
And leaves no trace behind ;
Changes each year the face of things,
Inconstant as the wind !

It scarce to me appears a day,
Since in my nurse's arms,
A helpless little babe I lay,
Smiling with infant charms.

Still as in course each op'ning year
I see my native day ;
The grasp of joy appears more near,
Then vanishes away.

On fifteen all my thoughts were bent,
Fifteen is come at last ;
Alas ! I am no more content,
My pleasure's all a blast.

'Tis giddy dissipation all,
And an elusion vain ;
Of which th' enjoyment e'er so small,
May cause a life of pain.

True happiness is virtue's child,
And lives within our breast ;
Join'd to a temper pure and mild,
An honest heart's best guest.

A conscience void of all offence,
Good spirits, and good health ;
Grant me but these, O Providence,
I ask not pow'r or wealth.

Then, if next year should see me laid
A victim to the tomb ;
These friends will still attend my shade,
Where joys eternal bloom.